

Sailed To-Day.

Sailed to-day :
Faced the grey seas and white winter skies,
None watching from the quay with straining eyes.

Sailed to-day :
Far in his distant home, sad faces bow
And whisper "Is his ship unanchored now?"

Sailed to-day :
A tearless mother mused on the morn
They bade her cheer, because her boy was born.

Sailed to-day :
And those who loved him best urged on his flight.
The bitter message reached him but last night.

Sailed to-day :
With laugh and boon companions left behind
To mock him in the ghostly midnight wind.

Sailed to-day :
The day of loving parting is so sad,
But we have learned to think such day is glad.

Sailed to-day :
We mourn with torture-tears that drop within,
Whiten our hair, and wear our faces thin.

Sailed to-day :
O cold gray seas ! O sullen winter skies !
Will there be ever summer in our eyes ?

Sailed to-day :
Well, ships go out, but they come back again—
A day of joy completes long months of pain.

Sailed to-day :
And some ships go with lead and some with gold—
Sad hearts have hopes too daring to be told.

Sailed to-day :
Shall we not always feel this biting cold ?
There is no summer when the heart is old.

Sailed to-day :
O God ! who to the farthest deep goes down,
Who knows the strangers in the foreign town.

Out of our reach is still in reach of you,
The God who cares for sparrows loves him who
Sailed to-day !

ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.
—Castell's Magazine.

HANNAH ARNETT'S FAITH.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

The days were at their darkest and the hearts of our grandfathers were weighed down with doubt and despondency. Defeat had followed defeat for the American troops, until the army had become demoralized, and discouragement had well-nigh become despair. Lord Cornwallis, after his victory at Fort Lee, had marched his army to Elizabethtown (Dec. 1776) where they were now encamped. On the 30th of November, the brothers Howe had issued their celebrated proclamation, which offered protection to all who within sixty days should declare themselves peaceable British subjects and bind themselves neither to take up arms against their Sovereign, nor to encourage others to do so. It was to discuss the advisability of accepting this offer of protection that a group of men had met in one of the large, old houses of which Elizabethtown was, at that time, full.

We are apt to think of those old times as days of unmitigated loyalty and courage; of our ancestors as unflinching heroes, swerving never in the darkest hours from the narrow and thorny path which conscience bade them tread. Yet human nature is human nature in all ages and, at times, the "old-fashioned fire" burned at low even in many hearts, and profound discouragement palsied for a time the most ardent courage, what are we that we should wonder at or condemn them? Of this period Dr. Ashbel Green wrote:

"I heard a man of some shrewdness once say that when the British troops over-ran the State of New Jersey, in the closing part of the year 1776, the whole population could have been bought for eighteen-pence a head."

The debate was long and grave. Some were for accepting the offered terms at once; others hung back a little, but all had at length agreed that it was the only thing to be done. Hope, courage, loyalty, faith, honor—all seemed swept away upon the great flood of panic which had overspread the land. There was one listener, however, of whom the eager disputants were ignorant, one to whose heart their wise reasoning was very far from carrying conviction. Mrs. Arnett, the wife of the host, was in the next room, and the sound of the debate had reached her where she sat. She had listened in silence, until, carried away by her feelings, she could bear no more, and springing to her feet she pushed open the parlor door and confronted the assembled group.

Can you fancy the scene? A large low room, with the dark, heavily-carved furniture of the period, dimly lighted by the tall wax candles and the wood fires which blazed in the huge fire-place. Around the table a group of men—pallid, gloomy, dejected, disheartened. In the doorway the figure of the woman, in the antique costume with which in those latter days we have become so familiar. Can you not fancy the proud poise of her head, the indignant light of her blue eyes, the crisp, clear tones of her voice, the defiance and scorn which clothed her as with a garment?

The men all started up at her entrance; the sight of a ghost could hardly have caused more perturbation than did that of this little woman. Her husband advanced hastily. She had no business here; a woman should know her place and keep it. Questions of politics and political expediency were not for them; but he would shield her as far as possible, and point out the impropriety of her conduct afterwards, when they should be alone. So he went quickly up to her with a warning whisper:

"Hannah! Hannah! this is no place for you. We do not want you here just now," and would have taken her hand to lead her from the room.

She was a docile little woman and obeyed his wishes in general without a

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

NUMBER 22.

From California.

SAN FRANCISCO—CLIFF HOUSE—MARIPOSA GROVE OF BIG TREES—YO SEMITE VALLEY—MOUNTAIN SCENERY, ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1876.

I had just reached this place when my last letter was written, and since then have visited a portion of Southern California, the Yo Semite Valley and other points of interest.

SAN FRANCISCO.

I have been over this city as much as the wind and dust would permit, and find it has improved very much since I was here some fifteen years ago. The city is built on hills of sand and presents a broken appearance. The buildings are mostly of wood, firmly bolted together to withstand earthquakes. The style of building is elaborate, with a large sprinkling of gingerbread work and a great profusion of bay windows. The city is decidedly cosmopolitan. In an hour's walk you will meet representatives from almost every nation on the globe. Life here is fast, and, to some extent, reckless. Almost everybody from the senator down to the boot-black, gambles in mining stocks. Even kitchen girls and draymen can be seen eagerly watching the stock bulletin boards. In the street cars, you frequently hear ladies discussing stocks as earnestly as at the East they discuss the fashions. Just enough outsiders make money to keep a throng continually going in. As a rule, everybody loses, but the speculation goes on just the same. So it has been and will continue to be unto the end.

The residents here are very sanguine concerning the future greatness of their city. They claim that when the railroad and steamship system of the world shall be completed, that this place will be one of the chief centers of the entire system, and will possess great advantages for controlling the traffic of the world. This may be true.

To-day I took a stroll through the market, which is one of the most interesting features of the city. There is probably no place in America as well supplied with fruit all the year around as this. Oranges and lemons come from the south. They claim to have new potatoes, peas, asparagus and nearly all kinds of vegetables always in market. Strawberries ripen here ten months in the year, and yet cost more than with us. Good apples are scarce, though Oregon sends down a fair article. You see more different kinds of fruit and vegetables than in most other places, as here the products of the tropics and the temperate zones meet.

The Chinese occupy a large portion of the heart of the city, and, to an Eastern man, it is a matter of great curiosity to walk through their quarters. Here you find Canton itself transplanted in America, and presenting very curious phases of Eastern life. Some of the Chinese streets are very fine; while others are narrow alleys of the foulest character. To-day I visited one of their churches or joss houses. I found a found a solitary Chinaman on guard, who could not talk English and as I could not speak his language very well, we were not so sociable. I examined the images until I was satisfied, though I think he was trying all the while to tell me to leave the sacred place. They have some streets full of gambling houses. I intend to visit one of their theatres. The question of Chinese "cheap labor" is becoming a vital one here, for the Hop Chongs are coming over in torrents and threaten to swamp everything. If the courts hold them eligible to citizenship they can soon elect a Governor and control the State. They are quiet, shrewd and industrious, but cannot well become good citizens.

Of course I have been to the "Cliff House," and seen the sea lions basking on the rocks. The view here is very fine. The great Pacific ocean is before you, while on the right is the Golden Gate through which ships are constantly sailing, seemingly upon waves of liquid gold. On the way to the Cliff House I visited the Lone Mountain cemetery and there on an eminence found the grave of the late Senator Broderick, who fell a victim of the "Code Duello" about the year 1859. He was at the time a member of the U. S. Senate. Over his remains the city has erected a beautiful monument. Near by is a modest slab which marks the resting place of Col. Baker, who was killed at the battle of Balls Bluff. He represented Oregon in the U. S. Senate at the time of his death. He was known as "the silver-tongued Baker," and was conceded to have been the most eloquent speaker on this coast. Very recently, a statue of Col. Baker has been placed in the capitol at Washington.

YO SEMITE.

The Yo Semite Valley is one of the sights on this coast which has not been overrated. And first a little advice. The trip from the cars to Yo Semite is a hard one, and no invalid should attempt it. It requires endurance, patience and money, and if you possess these it pays well to go in to the valley. It requires at least a week and \$100 to go and return from San Francisco with any kind of comfort. Agents and guide-books will tell you differently, but pay no attention to them on this or any other matter, for they will prove a delusion and a snare.

We leave the cars at Merced and have before us nearly 100 miles of staging over foot-hills and dusty, rough mountain roads. Here we had an experience of what is termed "roughing it." Fortunately, at Merced I fell in with a party of ladies and gentlemen, mostly from the East, who were making the same trip, and we kept together until our return. The make-up of our party was very pleasant, all being of the kind one likes to meet in traveling, and but for this the five days of staging would have been very tedious. Eleven of us were packed into a small coach, like sardines in a box, and on the first day we reached Mariposa, where we stopped overnight at a poor hotel. This is a part of the great Fremont estate, and we passed a number of Fremont's quartz mills now silent and going to decay. This valley was once full of miners and much gold was taken out, but the surface diggings are all worked out and abandoned. Fremont took out large quantities of gold here, but every dollar cost him about 110 cents, and he could not do this large enough business to make this pay, and so his fabulous wealth dissolved in thin air. Mariposa is now almost a "deserted village." Good fire-proof stores sell for about \$180 each.

The next day we reached Clark's, and visited the

BIG TREES

of the Mariposa Grove, about six miles via Saddle Trail. I believe this is the largest grove of Big Trees in the State, though the trees are not the largest. I think there are about 600 trees in this grove, the largest of which is named Grizzly Giant and is 105 feet in circumference. The trees stand in groups at an average height of 250 feet and usually with but few limbs. They held their size for nearly 200 feet, and resemble a tall candle in shape. It is a singular fact that this kind of tree is found nowhere else in the world outside of the 8 or 10 groves here. The very largest tree in this State is in Tulare Co., and measures about 130 feet round, and is supposed to be the largest tree in the world. Some of these giants have fallen, and by climbing upon them with a ladder, you get the best idea of their size. One trunk has been burned out hollow and tourists ride through on horseback. Some of these trees are estimated to be 4,000 years old, but this is guess work. It has been pretty well ascertained, however, that some of them must be over 2,000 years old, and consequently were large when Christ was on earth. The wood looks like red cedar. The bark is from 6 to 25 inches in thickness. All the larger trees are named, and I remember three beautiful monsters standing together, and called "Faith, Hope and Charity." There is a sublime majesty about the huge proportions of these monarchs of the forest which can be realized, but not expressed. It requires no poetry or imagination to excite wonder and admiration in going through this grove.

Clark's is a pretty little basin, nestled in among the mountains, and contains a good hotel kept by Deacon Moore. We left there at 6 a. m. The air was pure and bracing and the day all that could be desired. We drove for hours through the wildest of scenery and the ride would furnish romance and sentiment enough to supply a dozen large boarding schools. This mountain road is said to be one of the boldest pieces of engineering ever conceived. In travelling over it our joys were more or less mixed with miseries. The eye was gladdened continually with fresh and novel sights, but there were also unpleasant promptings of possible dangers. The road bed is very narrow in places, with scarcely a foot to spare from the coach wheels to the yawning precipice thousands of feet below. Should the harness break or a horse stumble while winding and turning upon the verge of some of these sharp angles, down, down the coach might go into the fearful abyss below. At some of these places it requires a very steady head to even look down without sensations of dizziness.

But we jolted on, and, having a gay party, made even this slow ride enjoyable. At about three o'clock we suddenly leave the forest and stand on

INSPIRATION POINT,

which overhangs the far-famed Yo Semite valley. And here is a sight for a life-time—a perfect amphitheater of Nature's wonders. To say that the view is "inexpressibly grand and awfully sublime" is not putting it any too strong. Adjectives fail when an attempt is made to describe this marvelous scene of beauty and grandeur. But on we go, and the drive down into the valley is exciting and thrilling. Bridal Veil is the first waterfall seen on our right as we go down, and, though not the largest, it is to me the most beautiful fall in the valley. The spray as it comes over the rock is tossed and spread by the wind in such a way that it resembles a white veil floating gracefully in the air, while a rain-bow of the rarest beauty spans the entire fall. It is 940 feet high. On the left, is the massive El Capitan, with its vertical wall, towering up over 3,000 feet—the great chief of the valley—not the highest, but the most massive and majestic of all the mountains. The Sentinel Dome looms up nearly 5,000 feet. Near by are Ribbon Falls over 3,000 feet high, and the great Cathedral Rock and the Three Graces.

After a long ride we at length reach Leidigs Hotel, where we all stop in full view of the most striking scenery of the valley. Directly back of the hotel, Sentinel Rock rises abruptly in colossal grandeur over 3,000 feet, while nearly in front are the great Yo Semite falls, which are mostly seen and written about. Yo Semite is pronounced here "Yo-sem-tee," and signifies among the Indians, "Large Grizzly Bear." This entire fall is 2,634 feet high, but it is broken into three parts. The upper Yo Semite has an unbroken fall of 1,600 feet—a distance equal to eight such falls as Niagara. The water is high at this season of the year, and as it leaps upon the rocks makes a great roar and throws a heavy spray. This is a favorable time to be here, as the melting of the snow causes many temporary falls to leap over the wall in all directions. It is impossible to give more than the faintest description of the wonders of this place. Poets, artists and writers have tried and failed to give an adequate idea of the region. It cannot be represented by words or pictures. I had seen some scenery before, but this is unlike anything I had witnessed or imagined. Everything here appears weird and supernatural. I look upon these walls of grey granite rising nearly vertically a mile above me and am lost in view of their immensity. Think of a waterfall half a mile high and others falling an eighth or sixteenth of a mile. Conceive yourself upon a height which enables you to look down perpendicularly three-fourths of a mile. Here are twenty mountains of solid granite, the highest (Clouds Rest) being 6,450 feet more than a mile high. And there are six or eight waterfalls, about any one of which a long and interesting letter could be written.

In 1864, the Government granted this valley, including the Mariposa Grove, to the State of California, on the condition that the premises should be protected and held forever as a public park for resort and recreation. It only needs a railroad to reach it, to make it the most famous resort in the world.

The valley is eight or ten miles long and about a mile wide, and walled in by perpendicular rocks of an average height of 4,000 feet, with peaks much higher.

We visited Nevada falls, where the whole Merced river comes down 700 feet with a terrible crash, and also saw Vernal falls, about 350 feet high, less than a mile below. The Nevada fall is regarded by many as the grandest of all. A large volume might be written as to the wondrous beauty of these two waterfalls alone. And here too we see the Great South Dome and Cap of Liberty, each more than a mile high.

Glacier Point is the only object of interest we missed. It was too early to reach this, on account of the snow on the mountain. The sun, during the winter, does not rise upon the hotels here until 1 p. m., and sets at 4 p. m.

Regrettably we left this enchanting valley, with its mountains and waterfalls, its lakes and landscapes, its cliffs and chasms, and all its awe inspiring scenery, the recollection of which will always leave a bright spot in one's memory. In my next I will say something of the Geysers.

G. H. G.

Buffaloes Guarding a Boy.

There was a Malay boy near Singapore who was employed by his parents in herding some water-buffaloes. He was driving his charge by the borders of the jungle, when a tiger made a sudden spring, and, seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old bull buffaloes, hearing the shriek of distress from the well-known voice of their little attendant, turned round and charged with their usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successfully drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy. Later in the evening, when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with attendants to seek his child, he found that, although the herd had dispersed themselves to feed, two of them were still there, one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger.

An editor is described as a man who is liable to crying babies, grammatical blunders, toothache, typographical errors and lapses of memory, and has 25,000 people watching to catch him tripping—a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; poorly paid, poorly estimated, yet envied by many and despised, perhaps, by some of the great men he has made.—*Fulton Co. Republican.*

A little boy said to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautifullest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school, and that you went out into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you were going to give me an awful dresin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of it easy, though?"

Those who do not deserve their troubles usually bear them the bravest.

Old Popular Superstitions.

The following superstitions, handed down by tradition from the past, are fervently believed in, in many parts of this country, and by people who rank among the most intelligent:

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.

The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster.

Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

When women are stuffing beds, the men should not remain in the house, otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks.

To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child.

If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar, he becomes fearful.

The first tooth cast by the child should be swallowed by the mother to insure a new growth of teeth.

To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache.

The following are omens of death:—A dog scratching on the floor, or howling in a particular manner, and owls hooting in the neighborhood of the house.

Buttoning the coat awry, or drawing on a stocking inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day.

White specks on the nails are lucky. He who hath teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in a distant land.

He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom.

Domestic harmony must be preserved when washing day comes, in order to insure fine weather, which is indispensable, as that ceremony is generally performed out of doors.

When children play soldier on the roadside, it forebodes the approach of war.

Whoever finds a four-leaved trefoil—shamrock—should wear it for good luck.

By bending the head to the hollow of the arm, the initial letter of the name of one's future spouse is represented.

A Centennial Train.

A train will start at one o'clock on the morning of the 1st of June for San Francisco from the city of New York, a distance of 3,325 miles, with sixteen passengers, each of whom will pay \$500 fare, the fare including a week's board at the Grand Palace Hotel at San Francisco. Mr. Henry C. Jarrett, of Booth's Theatre, who is the manager of the affair, intends to reach San Francisco in eighty hours from New York.

Mr. Jarrett, desiring to do the fastest thing ever done on a railway in the United States, has made some arrangements with the different railroad companies between New York and San Francisco to have at night at every half mile, a torch bearer, and during the day men bearing signal flags. The United States Government has decided to send its mails by this lightning train, and Wells, Fargo & Co. will also send their gold, specie and valuable packages by the same.

The tickets for the guests are of exquisite workmanship, in book form, five inches by four in dimensions. The outer coverings are of solid silver, burnished in the centre, and ten leaves inside are engraved by a Baltimore firm. The passengers, sixteen in number, will have their silver-bound ticket books encased in white satin cases, with a lilac or ecrú satin lining. The cost of each ticket book and casket will be \$40. During the passage of the train there will be relays of engines at every station where the train may stop. The excursionists will form a stag party no ladies being admitted on the train. It is intended to run but forty miles an hour, but the quickness of the trip will be accomplished by this continued speed without stoppages.

The tickets will permit the passengers to return at any time during six months following the 1st of June, 1876. The silver in the binding of the trip book weighs five ounces, and will make a magnificent souvenir of the eighty-eight hour trans-continental trip of the centennial year.—*New York Herald.*

Literary Notices.

Few articles put so much into so little space as that by Rev. W. W. Patton, D. D., on "Scripture Types and their Abuses," which was begun in the May, and is concluded in the June number of *The National Sunday School Teacher*. In the latter issue, also, "Special Miracles of the Apostles" finds able treatment by the pen of Rev. E. L. Hurd, D. D.; Rev. Asa Bullard writes on "A Mind to Work;" Edward Eggleston on "Sunday School Nevers"—short and pithy as the author of the *Hoosier Schoolmaster* knows how to be; and the famous "Married Men's Bible Class of Plymouth Bethel" is described by its teacher, Charles M. Morton. The lessons nowhere receive such full treatment as in this magazine. Pithy, pointed, clear and practical, they furnish just the help the teacher wants. And we mistake if those who take the *Teacher* do not always relish the good things that appear monthly in the editorial departments. They are the tid-bits of fact and of Sunday-school literature. *The Little Folks*, its juvenile ally for wee folks, also is admirably suited to children. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Pub. Co.

A young doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health." "All right," said she, "I'll jump at the first offer." They were married in about six months.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Rochester Institution.

GOOD NEWS FOR WESTERN NEW YORK DEAF-MUTES—SCHOOL TO OPEN OCT. 4, 1876.

A circular published elsewhere in our paper announces that the Rochester Institution will be open for the reception of pupils on the fourth of October next. This is highly gratifying to the friends of deaf-mute education in the western portion of the State, bringing deaf-mute instruction, comparatively speaking, to their very doors. For a long time we have advocated through the JOURNAL the necessity of an institution of this kind at Rochester. And now that the object is attained we heartily congratulate our friends of that city and surrounding country upon having such facilities for deaf-mute instruction nearer their homes, thus obviating the necessity of sending pupils to a great distance to be educated. With Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, now a teacher in the New York Institution, as principal, assisted by a competent corps of teachers, we may safely predict a good opening for the Rochester Institution, and no doubt it will soon become a popular school for the deaf and dumb.

Agriculture the most Ennobling of all Pursuits.

In the JOURNAL of May 11th, we published some Indiana notes, among which our correspondent expressed his views as decidedly in favor of farming as an occupation being the best, easiest and most comfortable for all deaf-mutes, to which we editorially added our concurrence with the writer's opinions, wishing that every deaf-mute out of employment in cities would emigrate without delay to the rural regions and there make their permanent abode.

The Michigan Deaf-mute Mirror, of May 19th, publishes a leading editorial headed, "Shall all Deaf-mutes Follow Farming?" The editor of that paper "agrees to disagree" with our opinion on the ground that it is not wise policy to concentrate all of any class in one particular kind of occupation, and in proof of his views cites his readers to the fact that it would be poor policy to put a natural artist to holding a plow, or a natural printer to chopping wood, and other similar follies resulting from massing the entire deaf-mute population into agricultural labor. He also argues that in consequence of so much farm labor being now accomplished by the aid of horse and steam propelled machinery, it has come to be equally as, if not more, dangerous than shop work. The point to which we referred as concurring with the expressed opinion of our Indiana correspondent was, that we recommended farming to all deaf-mutes as the best and easiest occupation for them to follow. In recommending farming to them we did not express nor imply the idea that it is well for any deaf-mute or for anybody else to forsake an established business, a good-paying calling or profession, or any sure and amply remunerating employment and launch out upon a farm, nor have we ever counselled anyone to change their occupation when they are already comfortably and happily situated. On the contrary it is a maxim with us, and so we always have advised deaf-mutes, to "let well enough alone." Still there is no doubt that if even the artist and the professional among the deaf-mutes would become the possessors of quiet rural homes in which to spend the declining years of their lives amid the calm and peaceful beauties of natural artistic scenery, they would be happier men now, and in later years would enjoy that independence and assurance which pervade the bosom of every honest free-born American citizen who can boast that he owns a clear title to a comfortable house and a fertile farm. But what we have ever advised and still continue to do is: That all deaf-mutes who cling like an incubus to the cities and villages, trying to live on the excitement of surrounding circumstances, eking out a miserable hand-to-mouth existence under the false impression that a city or town life is more elevating and dignifying than farm labor; and all who are wandering almost aimlessly from place to place picking up at best a precarious living, and having no permanent employment or any that pays barely enough to keep them out of the almshouse; to all such and to all poorly fed mortals of humanity, whether deaf and dumb or otherwise we cheerfully present the inducements which a farmer's life secures to intelligent, industrious and economical citizens. The soon-

er deaf-mutes come to understand that there is no occupation more independent and ennobling than agriculture the sooner will the time come when there will be seen less numbers of them wandering, like Noah's dove, up and down the earth without a permanent resting place. Once more we recommend farming as an independent calling for any deaf-mute, and to the poor and scantily paid laboring portion of those without trades, as the surest mode of enjoying a happy and comfortable life.

As to the dangers to life and limbs incident to a farmer's life they are no more numerous than in manufacturing establishments, and we think an accurate statistical table of the loss of life and injury to limbs in any given community of agriculturists and the same number of employees in manufacturing districts, would, as a life of comparative immunity from injuries by accidents, determine a verdict for farmers in preference to mechanical laborers.

While we do not hold to the opinion that agricultural life is necessary to the happiness and comfort of every deaf-mute, we boldly assert that none can possibly compromise their dignity by changing their positions, no matter how lofty and noble, for the life of a farmer. And while we entertain the most sublime respect for any honest labor, whether it be ditch-digging or landscape-painting, and have no desire to discourage deaf-mutes from following their chosen professions if they can maintain a comfortable living, we are free to advise them of the happiness and comforts offered to farmers. There is no position nor occupation within the grasp of mortal man, no matter how liberal the compensation or how self-gratifying to the ambitious vanity of the possessor, that can possibly cast a shadow or reproach upon the world-acknowledged and independent dignity of the American farmer. Many of our most accomplished, eminent and brilliant statesmen and government officials are proud to speak of their rural homes, and George Washington himself, the Father of his Country, retired from his long and unparalleled successful career of leader of the American army and from being the first president of the future great republic of the known world to two successive terms, amid the laudations and plaudits of his countrymen to the peaceful quietude and happy contentment of a country life. It is not in the course of nature for many to emulate all the virtues of the Father of his Country, nor possess his executive ability, but many deaf-mutes, who are now poor and homeless, may by perseverance and frugality follow his wise example in being possessors of and residing in their own rural homes.

Rafting Lumber Down the River.

W. H. Sprague, a deaf-mute, of Barryville, N. Y., whose father is a raftsteerman on the Delaware river, has had a little experience in helping to construct rafts and floating them down to Trenton, New Jersey. He represents the work to be pretty heavy and attending to some danger, while going down the river, there being as many as twenty-five dangerous passes between Barryville and Trenton. In rafting, poles forty feet long are used to guard the structure against collision with rocks or any other obstruction in the water. He describes two of the rafts on which he worked as being 144 feet long by 32 feet wide, and two feet in depth.

For the benefit of any who are unacquainted with the rafting business, we will explain what little we know about it, and if we err in describing it we are willing to be corrected by any one better posted in rafting. As we understand it rafting lumber is adopted in many cases to lessen the expense of getting the lumber to the desired markets. The structure called a raft is composed of timber which the owners thereof send to market. Just how it is constructed "the deponent saith not," having never seen one of them, but a pile of lumber of sufficient length, width and depth, is by some device fastened together in the water, and a temporary house of the same kind of lumber is put up on the forward or some other part of the raft for the accommodation of the men who navigate the concern. The squad of hands required to take one of these rafts down a river to market varies with the size of the raft, and the dangers or safety of the waters through which they are to pass on their way to market. Sometimes it is four or five men and in other cases many more. The speed in descending the river depends upon the sluggishness or rapidity of the current. In their passage down the river the men cook for themselves, or have a man expressly for that duty, and for all practical purposes their little house provides them a comfortable residence during their floating voyage. After delivering their cargo in market they return by railroads or steamers.

Rafting down the Mississippi River is, it is said, an immense and usually a very profitable business for lumber merchants who send vast quantities of the products of the forest to New Orleans and other southern points. Rafts are frequently made up in Minnesota and other high northern latitudes and taken to extreme southern localities of the Union, where pine is scarce and commands large prices. One of these long trips frequently occupies from four to six or eight weeks.

The raftsmen are, generally speaking, well paid for their services, furnished with abundance of good provisions, and some have a great fondness for rafting and enjoy it amazingly well, notwithstanding it may be classified as a rough and laborious way of earning money.

Washing freely with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP parts affected with the obnoxious skin diseases, which have usually been dressed with offensive sulphur ointments, will effect a certain cure without leaving behind any disgusting odor. Sold everywhere.

Chicago's Oldest Deaf-Mute Resident.

The oldest deaf-mute resident of Chicago, is Norval D. Barnum, a graduate of the American Asylum. He went there in 1838, nearly forty years ago. The place then contained only 4,000 inhabitants. He is probably the first deaf-mute who ever settled in Northern Illinois.

Obituary.

George W. Van Scoy, a graduate of the New York Deaf-mute Institution, was born in Greenville, Green Co., N. Y., in the year 1821, and died in Potter, Yates Co., N. Y., May 13th, 1875, aged fifty-five years and four months. He left a wife and three daughters who deeply mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and a kind father. He died a true Christian, and was willing and prepared to meet his Savior, and join his little son who preceded him to that better land a short time before. He retained his consciousness to the last, bidding an earthly farewell to his sorrowing friends just before crossing the River. He died in peace. For seven long years he had been a great sufferer from that dreadful scourge, consumption. The funeral was held at the house, the sermon preached by Rev. J. D. Smith, and from thence he was conveyed to his resting place in the beautiful Nettle Valley Cemetery.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer*.

Mr. A. W. MANN is stopping at Delevan, Wis., for a short visit before going to Milwaukee to hold his next deaf-mute mission service.

SCHOOL for the Wisconsin Deaf-mute Institution will close at least two weeks earlier than usual this year on account of the contemplated additions to the present capacity of the buildings during vacation.

It is said that there are over two hundred deaf-mutes in the city and vicinity of Chicago. An Institution is talked of for the city, and perhaps to include the whole county of Cook.

THE REV. DR. HARRIS administered the rite of baptism to Mrs. E. P. HOLMES in St. James' Church, Chicago, Sunday, May 21st. The service was interpreted in signs by Mr. A. W. MANN, in charge of the deaf-mute mission.

MR. EVANS W. EVANS, of Rome, N. Y., lately visited his friends, the JONES near Sand Hill. From visiting them he came to Mexico and visited his friends, remaining over Sunday. Mr. EVANS is a brother of Mr. OWEN W. EVANS, and Miss ELLEN W. EVANS, and unlike Owen is an uneducated deaf-mute. Notwithstanding his lack of school education he can converse by signs as well as those who have been to school. Much inconvenience is, however, experienced in his language, in the lack of a knowledge of written English. When young he wanted to go to school at the New York Institution, but his father (now deceased) who needed his help on the farm, like many others, refused to let him go until he was past the age admissible to the school. This unwise act his father always regretted in after years, although he has left him and the latter's sister, who is self-educated to some extent, in comfortable circumstances. Mr. EVANS is looking healthy and cheerful, and his many friends at Sand Hill and in this place were much pleased with his visit.

WILLIE NELSON, of Aurora, N. Y., was in Utica last week, and collected upwards of \$80 in a few days for the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. He did exceedingly well, but his departure was not so soon, he might have doubled the sum collected. He was cheerfully recommended to the citizens by the most noted residents, among whom were Rev. Dr. GOODRICH, Rev. Dr. VAN DRESAR and ex-Gov. SEYMOUR.

The Western N. Y. Institute for Deaf-Mutes.

At a meeting of the citizens of Rochester, held Feb. 3d, 1876, the following named gentlemen were elected trustees of the Western New York Institute for Deaf-mutes.

Hon. E. Darwin Smith, President; Hon. George G. Clarkson, 1st Vice President; Mr. S. A. Ellis, 2d Vice President; Mr. E. P. Hart, Secretary; Mr. Gilman H. Perkins, Treasurer; Rev. Thos. Gaudet, D. D., Dr. C. E. Rider, Dr. Wm. S. Ely, Mr. Aaron Erickson, Mr. M. F. Reynolds, Hon. L. H. Morgan, Oscar Craig, Esq., Mr. S. D. Porter, Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Seth H. Terry, Esq.

Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, of the New York Deaf Mute Institution was chosen Principal.

The Legislature has authorized the Western New York Institute for Deaf-mutes to receive pupils on the same conditions, upon which they are received by the New York Institution—those over twelve being supported by the State, those under twelve being supported by the counties from which they come.

School will be opened on the 4th of October for the reception as pupils of deaf-mutes, and those who, though able to speak, are from loss of hearing, unable to receive instruction in the ordinary schools. Especial attention will be given to articulation. The Bell system will be taught by competent teachers.

Applicants, for admission or information, should communicate personally or by letter with Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, Principal, "Station M." New York City, or Mr. Edward P. Hart, Secretary, No. 55 W. Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

E. DARWIN SMITH, President.
EDWARD P. HART, Secretary.

DECORATION DAY.

HONORING OUR DEAD HEROES.

Decoration Day (Tuesday) was observed in this village with more than ordinary spirit and enthusiasm. The weather was charming; the attendance was large (about 2,500 persons being on the cemetery grounds); the arrangements admirable, and everything pertaining to the celebration passed off in the most pleasant manner. The custom of paying flowery tributes to our fallen heroes is as impressive as it is beautiful, and our citizens are taking more and more interest in its observance. This is as it should be, and we hope our people will never cease to honor the memory of our soldier dead, who gave up their lives that our Republic might live, that our liberties might be continued to us unimpaired, and that our old flag might be respected at home and abroad.

The procession was formed on Church street, about 2 p. m., in the following order:

Marshal—Major N. Hall.
Drum-Major—L. F. Alfred.
Helicon Band.
Veterans.
Military Band.
Huntington Guards.
Colosse Cornet Band.
Assistant Marshal—G. W. Baker.
Firemen.
Citizens.

Upon the procession reaching the cemetery, the graves of the patriot dead were strewn with flowers. Last year we gave the names of these departed heroes, but feel we shall not do amiss to publish them again this year, and every year. They are as follows:

L. J. Huntington, Battery J, 9th Artillery; H. Whitney, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; N. G. Wilder, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; J. Crozier, Co. E, 110th Regt. N. Y. V.; E. Crozier, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; H. Kenyon, Co. E, 110th N. Y. V.; W. Waring, 1st United States Sharp Shooters; J. Walsh, 7th N. Y. Cavalry; O. Sykes, 24th N. Y. V.; E. Erskine, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; Lieut. M. Russell, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; John Wimple, Co. K, 81st N. Y. V.; J. McCann, Battery G, 1st N. Y. Light Artillery; H. J. Birch, N. Y. Cavalry; A. Birch, Co. F, 147th Regiment; Dr. E. A. Huntington, Assist. Surgeon 110th N. Y. V. The grave of the late Corporal James W. Bard, of the Huntington Guards, was also decorated.

The procession then marched to the recent addition to the cemetery, where exercises took place as follows:

Singing—"The Officer's Funeral."
Prayer by Rev. J. P. Stratton.
Song—"Soldiers' Memorial Day."
Reading of the Scripture, by Rev. S. P. Gray.
Song—"Fair Freedom's Happy Home."
L. H. Conklin, Esq., then introduced Mr. V. S. Stone, of this village, who delivered an address. It was an able effort, (one of the best of the kind ever given in this village), delivered in a forceful and pleasing manner, and was listened to intently from first to last. The following is the substance of

THE ADDRESS:

Standing at the dawn of a new century of our nation's life, near the graves of some of our nation's dead, two scenes in that nation's history peculiarly merit remembrance; two days, the darkest and yet the brightest of all its life; and two pictures whose features baffle alike the brush of the painter and the pen of the writer to fitly delineate. There is that flowed from the one, the struggles that led to the other, in importance have rarely been equal.

On a bright morning in April, 1775, a group of farmers, used to the arts of peace, assembled in a quiet town of Massachusetts. Sturdy, brave, sincere, they engaged in earnest consultation. One desire animated all; one purpose only was in view. There was no display of dress, no glittering of uniforms or brightly polished weapons; no harangues, no haste, no excitement. Only a dread responsibility oppressed them one and all. A little later, these same men, now formed in military line, obeyed the order to march.

Not far away eight hundred troops, armed and equipped, were gathered. These were enemies, though of the same blood. No noise, no confusion yet. Suddenly a single shot was fired, then a volley. Three of that group of farmers fell. Then, quick as thought, rang out the cry, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!" And they did fire. Muskets and fowling-pieces blazed from the undaunted group into the faces of their aggressors. Only one fell dead. That was all. But that one was a British regular.

The story is a short one. No long list of killed and wounded thus far; no nation yet reeling under the blows of a terrible conflict. A mere handful of men had met with companies of soldiers, shots had been exchanged and a few had fallen. But who shall measure the results? This brief encounter at Concord Bridge was destined to be written in history as the beginning of a new era. For with this scene the curtain rose upon the bloody drama of the Revolution.

Another April day presented a different sight. The millions of a saddened nation were its spectators. With eyes long dimmed by tears; with hearts long torn by agony; with hopes long and often deferred, they watched every movement of the actors. Here, too, opposing forces were met, but these were armies trained in the school of war. The discipline of camp and battle-field had long been theirs—their, too, the toils and dangers. Long and bravely they had fought—the one to undermine, the other to make secure a Government. No mere handful were these groups gathered at Appomattox. On the one side were the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, who had fought so stubbornly at Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville; had striven boldly, if without success, at Gettysburg; and were the victors at

Bull Run. On the other side were the Lieutenant-General of the Union Army, his brave officers and men. Here, too, a conference is held. The chiefs of the respective armies meet, a proposal is made an acceptance given; and on that memorable 9th of April, 1865, with the surrender of Lee, War gave way to Peace, and the curtain fell upon the last act of the bloodier drama of the Rebellion.

Such were the beginning and the ending of the two convulsions that most nearly concerned our national life. Concord and Appomattox were the Alpha and Omega of the strife for a free Republic. And as we assemble to unite with that Republic's people in paying honor to whom honor is most justly due, may we fully appreciate our fortune that we have lived to see the proudest period of its history. Not the span of two successive human lives has passed since the shot was fired whose sound "was heard around the world," since Independence fought with Arrogance, and won its first success, and since haughty England acknowledged that victory; yet a single century since Princeton, Trenton and Saratoga, since Monmouth and Valley Forge were as sad reminders in many a bereft household as to-day are Malvern Hill and Cedar Mountain; Fair Oaks and Antietam; Port Hudson and Gettysburg.

The fruit of the labors of that century differs from that produced by other nations in the like period of their existence. It is not alone a record of martial achievements; not a volume on whose every page is written the conquests of some mighty king; not an empire sustained by armed combats and bloody victories; but a People's Government, erected after a strife for principle; preserved through years of undisturbed peace; for a time made desolate by the ravages of civil war; then saved by the heroism of those and such as those whose graves we mark to-day with the offerings of grateful love.

If our first century began in the December of War, the second dawned in the May day of Peace. Harmony instead of discord; triumphs instead of defeats; prosperity instead of adversity; success attained, liberty established, freedom for the future secured. What wonder that America should exhibit such treasures with pride; should choose to play the host at a grand birthday party and invite the nations of the earth to share in her festivities? An infant among adults in years, her precocity is a marvel to her guests. They are astonished at the beauties of the young child's home; are amazed at its space and magnificence; and, forgetting the sneers with which they greeted her first birthday, bring their choicest fruits, lay them beside America's toys, and even smile approvingly upon the child herself. Marvelous indeed is this Democracy which to-day greets the eyes of staid old monarchies! It is a people whose number has increased in a hundred years from three to two score millions; which has developed order out of chaos, system out of confusion as if by a Divine decree; which has pushed its domains till its infant arms clasp around millions of miles of area; which began a century with morals lowered; with intemperance and debauchery riot in the land; with infidelity striving to cast its shadow over all; with mob rule almost triumphant; with commerce stagnant, industries paralyzed, politics unsettled;—and ends it with peace at home and abroad; with the objects of war accomplished; with a nation that knows no bond, no free; with corruption existing but also with corruption punished; with an elevated moral tone; with influences of religion everywhere felt; with unprecedented progress made in science, art and the realms of literature; with broad principles of humanity proclaimed and established; with a Republic towering high among the nations of the world.

Such a Government indeed is ours. But ours to-day by what a price! It is fitting that upon this of all days we should count again the cost that we may prize more highly the gain. It is but uttering a truism to say that few anniversaries are free from an element of sadness, for sorrow is always a close companion of joy. There are few scenes like this which do not suggest unwelcome reflections. But this is not to imply that we are to approach these hallowed precincts as a house of mourning. This Day of Decoration has always been a day of festival, but a festival holy in its nature. Originated by a concourse of ladies in a Southern churchyard, it has grown into a day of national observance. It accords with the teachings of history that a ceremony of some kind should have been inaugurated here. And what could more perfectly conform to our enlightened taste than such an one as this? Peoples of all times and ages have delighted in nothing more than the remembrance of their patriots; the cultured and the rude alike have always cherished the memory of their dead, and have paid to the form of expression has varied as the peoples themselves have varied. But, while pyramids have been built for tombs of kings; while "triumphal arches have preserved the fame of warrior chiefs;" while "pillars have pierced the heavens to point the victories of nations," it is well said that "heretofore, in the history of the world, the tribute of a nation's sorrow has idolized a chieftain alone; monuments have been raised only to the prince and noble, or in commemoration of battles fought for the aggrandizement of power." Such are not the tokens of our remembrance. The enduring granite, symbolizing the endurance of grief, may well tower to the skies, a perpetual reminder of contests past; but when the chains of winter have been loosed, it is well that spontaneous offerings of God's earliest gifts of spring should be bestowed upon the graves of our country's slain. It is well that the nation should consecrate one day of the year to recollections of those who saved it. And so, to-day, every city, town and hamlet in the land witness in their

graveyards a similar scene to this. Everywhere are gathered citizens to evince their appreciation of the benefits they enjoy because of the efforts of those who have fallen. Everywhere are plucked the fittest of emblems—flowers. Flowers, fresh, fragrant, beautiful, whose very decay only typifies the death of all things earthly, and whose freshness and fragrance bear living testimony to the memory of America's defenders. But while we thus keep green with flowers the memory of those who have died, it should be our privilege, as it is our duty, to renew our loyalty and patriotism beneath the flag under which they fought. The inspiration of the soldier, it should be no less the glory of the civilian. As the emblem of the nation, its very sight should ever cause a glow of pride. As a badge it everywhere insures protection. Recognized as the outer garment of an invincible force, its fluttering folds command the respect and homage of the nations of the earth, and to stand beneath the American flag is as sure a passport as was the "I am a Roman citizen" when Rome was the proud mistress of the world. To the soldier imbued with patriotism, the power of the flag has been greater than the power of arms, its influence stronger than that of armies. It was to retain the supremacy of that flag that the soldiers endured the hardships of the camp, the fatigues of the march, the dangers of the battle-field, the suffering from disease, the pains of wounds, the agonies of death. With it above them their bravery knew no bounds, their heroism knew no end. With it lowered by an enemy's triumph, their hearts sank within them. It was with the hope that it might be kept aloft that Anderson and his brave comrades withstood the withering fire on Sumpter till hours had almost lengthened into days. It was to raise again the flag that had been pulled down that the thousands, startled by the first outbreak of treason, responded to the warning note of danger. That the whole world should pay deference to the Stars and Stripes, that the insidious foe should respect their power, that they should afford in truth, the guaranty they professed, that the zephyrs which revealed their beauty should fan a race of freemen, were the purposes to be accomplished by the loyal soldiers of the Rebellion.

But patriotism and heroism are words too often used with slight realization of their full significance. Taken in their broadest scope, they represent two of the sublimest elements of human nature. With the faith of a religion, they occupy the most sacred recesses of the human soul. Old as creation itself, the strength of patriotism has waned no more than the strength of faith. Both are equally unchanged and unchangeable. Equally impossible of analysis, defying alike the deepest search for the source of their existence, they both reveal their presence by the actions they inspire. But patriotism is too often confounded with rash, unthinking zeal. Zeal rightly directed, may form a component part of patriotism; but of itself is often only an outburst of misgoverned passion. It was passion, rather than patriotism, which inspired the warlike mob in '89 to rush from Paris and attack the palaces of Versailles. Heroism is courage, fortitude, valor, all combined, and is well defined "a contempt of danger not from ignorance, but from a noble devotion to some great cause." Of heroism in this sense a striking illustration was afforded at the siege of Port Hudson in the death of a member of Company E of our One Hundred and Tenth.

The fleet of eight vessels of war, under the command of Farragut, had long since started on their expedition from New Orleans up the Mississippi. Six had succumbed under the murderous fire of the Rebel batteries; only two had run in safety the terrible gauntlet; the weary weeks of siege, during which death had held high carnival, were ended; preparations for the expected fight of Sunday had been completed. Under command of General Paine, the 110th New York joined the 4th Wisconsin and 8th Massachusetts regiments in "the grand assaulting column," and the attack on Port Hudson, on the 14th of June, 1863, was begun. Fire was opened simultaneously by the various detachments; the circuit of eleven miles shook with reverberation of heavy guns; the naval forces shared in the bombardment, and the river was transformed into a sea of blazing fire; shells shrieked and exploded; shot showered like hail upon the scattered lines; the ground was strewn with dead and dying; the sad silence of the one and the piteous groans of the other added their gloom to the scene of horror. For hours they fought like demons, rather than men; charged after charge was made with disastrous result; in the fury of the onset they reached the very shadow of the bristling ramparts only to be repulsed; but from earliest dawn till near mid-day they held fast their brave resolve to take by storm the enemy, who proved too well entrenched; and not till fifteen hundred patriots were killed or wounded did they retire from the field of carnage.

Just at break of day, when the conflict raged the fiercest, a soldier of the ranks fell, mortally wounded. Replying to a comrade some distance away, he said, "I'm struck by a shell and can't survive." His firm, manly voice gave no indication of fear. His few words were those of pain, but not of regret. His suffering grew rapidly severe. He knew that no relief awaited him but that of death. But his fortitude never wavered. His only desire was to die in the arms of his friends. Crippled in both legs by a bursting shell, unable to walk or even creep, the brave man yet worked his way slowly, painfully, nearer to his companions. As he rolled into their midst, mangled and dripping with blood, his strength gave way, and he stopped, exhausted. But soon, by a sudden move, he partly raised his body. With his last failing force he held out his gun; then, even while the death damp started from his brow, he gasped, "I'm going, boys; I'm going. Good-bye. But here's

my gun; I brought it in. Take it, and do the best you can." His arm dropped powerless at his side, his head fell back, and the soul of brave John Bowen passed to the God who made it.

Such a death reveals the presence and the power of true heroism. No frenzy of passion had distracted his mind; no reckless bravado led him to risk his life on that fatal day. But heroism and patriotism had made the value of his life subordinate to that of his country. The story of his bravery is but the story of the thousands who died that we as a free Republic might live. The motive principle was the same whether they fell pierced by a bullet on the field of battle, or perished of lingering wounds in hospital, or languished, starved in Southern prisons. Wherever duty called, they went. Where the danger was the greatest they fought the hardest. Heroes and patriots worthy the name; and their memories be ever cherished as becomes a Christian people. Dying, they left a living monument; for the system inaugurated amid the rattling of Revolutionary bullets, and preserved by patriots who crushed the Rebellion, will not, cannot fail. The supremacy of Republican institutions is established. Every life lost in their defence is but another proof of their superiority. As the result produced by the sacrifice of our heroes, we look no longer upon a Union not a Union; upon a people torn by dissensions, upheaved by commotions, distracted by factions. The calm that always succeeds the storm has come, and we see a united nation, from which bitterness and wrath are fast dying out; whose Government knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but only a grand sisterhood of States working in harmony for one common end. For, as "God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions," so has He constructed the lasting temple of our liberty on the ruins of caste, dictation and arrogance. As force and impulse shall less and thought and reason shall more control the doings of men and nations, may the seeds of progress and a new humanity sown in the first century of our nation's life, develop an increase that in the next shall prove it true, that "the real and lasting victories are those of peace and not of war."

Rev. J. P. Stratton pronounced the benediction. While we delight to honor our dead heroes, we think it well to remember those who are living; hence we give the names of the veterans who were in the procession. Some of them belong to the Huntington Guards and the Bands, yet a goodly number marched together. The names of those who took part in the exercises are as follows:

Major N. Hall, Captain E. L. Huntington, Captain C. V. Hartson, Lieutenant E. D. Golt, Lieutenant H. M. Ames, Lieutenant F. B. Gregory, Sergeant Geo. A. Penfield, 1st Sergeant D. B. Hunt, W. H. Penfield, John Preman, M. T. Parsons, Alonzo Benedict, Geo. M. Buck, Homer Ames, S. C. Porter, J. J. Burdick, M. E. Parker, W. C. Bartlett, James Larkin, William Stevens, Lewis Webb, Leander Tuller, H. J. Allen, G. J. Lansing, Thos. Farr, George V. Potter, Isaac L. Gardner, Nelson Alfred, Moses Furney, D. W. Smith, E. D. Wimple, Orville Whitney, L. J. Hall, H. C. Beals, Reuben Sherman, F. J. A. Webb, William McCann, Robert Clark, Martin Wade, N. J. Tillapaugh, John Sydnay, John McCann, Jackson Daniels.

The singing of Messrs. L. Miller, John C. Taylor, J. J. Cobb, and E. E. Rulison was as beautiful as it was appropriate.

The music furnished by the Mexico Helicon Band, the Colosse Cornet Band, and the Military Band, was fine, and added greatly to the occasion.

Our firemen never looked better, their conduct throughout the day was most praiseworthy, and they are a credit to our village.

The Huntington Guards presented a very fine appearance, and it was evident that they have been well disciplined. Their genial and efficient Captain (E. L. Huntington) has good reason to be proud of them.

The procession was a very imposing one, the celebration was well planned and well carried out, and reflected much credit on those who had charge of it.

PALERMO.

"Music hath charms" has been so often reiterated and made to do quotation duty that it is about threadbare; but it still remains true that "music hath charms." A minstrel on our streets last week would in a few minutes from the time he struck the first note draw a crowd of attentive listeners from all classes and ages, the laborer leaving his spade and the merchant his desk, broadcloth elbowing frieze, and the gray beard vying with young America to get within ear-shot. The nickles were dropped into the sun-burnt hand with cheerfulness, as if each thought he'd got his money's worth, and was willing to render unto Caesar, etc.

The prospect for a good fruit crop is at this time very encouraging. The apple trees that are now in bloom are promising exceedingly well, and if disaster does not come to them we are likely to have a good supply of "apple sauce" to celebrate the Centennial year.

Yu No.
Palermo, May 30, 1876.

Last Monday afternoon, as Jesse Brown was working at a lathe in the foundry, the stick he was turning flew out of its fastenings in consequence of the great velocity of the lathe. The stick struck him across the upper lip, bruising it severely, cutting a gash from the nose to the mouth, and somewhat splintering his teeth. The force of the blow knocked him down, but he immediately recovered himself. He is fortunate to have escaped without receiving more serious injuries.

Vigorous Prosecution of Evangelical Labor by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

WILLIAMTIC, Conn., May 22, 1876.

MR. H. C. RIDER—Dear Sir: Work for the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, called me from home last Friday. In the evening I was at St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, Conn. The Rev. Dr. Richardson read the service, assisted in the lessons by Mr. Hubbard. I interpreted and made an address. Mr. Beers and the deaf-mutes who compose the Bible class under his instruction, were present. After service, we had a few moments for social intercourse in the Rectory.

On Saturday evening, in New Haven, I called on Mrs. Laurent Clerc and family. She had just returned from a visit to friends in Brooklyn, and was in excellent spirits. On Sunday, I spoke in St. Paul's Church, New Haven, by special invitation of the Rector, Rev. Mr. Lobdell. At 2 p. m., I addressed the Bible class of deaf-mutes under the care of Leek. Yesterday I went to Durham to visit relatives, and had a very pleasant call on Mrs. White, formerly matron of the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes in Hartford. I am on my way to Marblehead, Salem, and Boston.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

The First Deaf-Mute Visitors at the Philadelphia Centennial.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Time has rapid wings and no wonder the Centennial makes its triumphant entry in this young but great Republic by means of the glorious opening of the great Exhibition at Fairmount Park. I do not wish to call the attention of our people to the fact that I have attended this grand festival of 1876, but rather would I take pleasure in giving some of my experience, and a few of the scenes which I have witnessed during the ten or twelve days that I was there for publication, hoping that what I now have to say on this subject may be useful to the deaf-mutes who may visit the Exhibition.

On the eighth of May, in company with one of my intimate friends by the name of Albert Kadgeln, a skillful watchmaker who came from Germany about nine months since, I started for the Quaker city. Upon arriving at Camden we followed the wise counsel of Mr. John Carlin and put up at the new home of Mr. Andrew Carlin at No. 406 Arch St., Camden, New Jersey. At Mr. Carlin's we received a very cordial and hospitable entertainment, and soon felt very much at home. Notwithstanding his age—sixty-three years—Mr. Carlin is a very fresh-looking gentleman. He seems to have the activity and strength of a man of thirty for work. He tries to win the respect and confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. In conversation, he is jovial, bright and pleasant, and seems to take delight in doing all he can to serve all well-behaved deaf-mutes visiting the Centennial Exhibition. Mrs. Carlin, his deaf-mute wife, is an economical housekeeper and an agreeable companion. They have five children, who have full possession of their speaking faculties. Two of them have been married for several years.

Mr. Carlin is regarded as a father by the deaf-mute residents of Philadelphia and vicinity, and his interesting and encouraging lectures, which he occasionally delivered before the Philadelphia Deaf-mute Association, have always been very well attended.

Camden is a nice, shady little town, just across the Delaware river opposite Philadelphia, and is relatively situated the same as Hoboken, N. J., is across the Hudson river from New York city. Brisk ferry-boats plow the deep waters of the Delaware both ways between the two cities every five minutes. The fare across is five cents, but seventeen tickets are sold for fifty cents. I embraced the opportunity for practicing economy by purchasing seventeen trip tickets at one time. I was pleased to find city cars very near to the docks in which I could obtain a seat. In passing through the heart of the city the cars are always crowded to excess before reaching the Centennial grounds. The time occupied in riding from the ferry-boat stations to the Exhibition is fifty-five minutes and the fare seven cents, or four tickets for twenty-five cents, being a saving of three cents in every four rides. I also was not slow to take advantage of this as another small means of curtailing little expenses.

On every occasion I returned from the Exhibition as early as four or five o'clock p. m., at which time the Centennial buildings are thronged, and, besides, at that time the cars are not as badly crowded with passengers as they are at a little later period of the day, and seats are plenty.

It is conceded by prominent foreigners, who are capable judges, that the Philadelphia Exhibition will be an unequalled success, and I must confess that the great Vienna Exposition of 1873, which I attended, is totally eclipsed by the Fairmount Park Centennial Exhibition. In the latter an almost inexhaustible treasure of knowledge, and interesting study is open to deaf-mute visitors. The most attractive and instructive of the numerous Exhibition buildings, is unquestionably the United States Government building, which is always crowded with visitors. There I saw, on a glass stand, several kinds of books devoted to the interests of the deaf and dumb, among which is a thorough canvass of the *American Annals* of the deaf and dumb, several elementary school books for deaf-mutes by Mr. George Hutton, the third annual report of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., and several reports of various deaf-mute institutions. Very near this stand on a board are hung handsome photographs of all the different institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb in the United States, and we presume the Canada deaf-mute institutions likewise.—Ed. Jamming which the Ohio Institution makes the most imposing impression on the observer. It

is probable that the Exhibition buildings contain a considerable number of articles produced by deaf-mutes alone, which will reflect much honor upon this singular class of mankind. On the first of June complete catalogues will be issued, which will, no doubt, mention anything of this kind relating to deaf-mutes.

In the Brazil section of the main building, I noticed on a glass stand, among other designs, a card board in very beautifully embroidered work in the manual alphabet, the following words: "*Deos zorostra Pedro secundo*" ("God save Pedro II.") Above these words is a finely embroidered Brazilian crown. Therefore it will be seen that, if deaf-mutes will thoroughly scan the pages of the new catalogue of June first, they will find a description of many deaf-mute products, which are on exhibition at the Centennial.

All deaf-mutes who contemplate visiting the Exhibition, if they are wise, will write to Mr. Andrew Carlin, 405 Arch St., Camden, N. J., and secure lodgings before starting. They should also carefully notice what Mr. John Carlin says to deaf-mute Centennial visitors in his article which was published in the *Journal* of May 18th.

FRANCIS ROTTER.
New York, May 22, 1876.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet at Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., May 26, 1876.
DEAR MR. RIDER:—After calling upon some friends in Boston and Salem, I reached this quaint, old city, on Wednesday afternoon. After enjoying a while the hospitality of the Rector of St. Michael's Church, the Rev. Julius H. Ward, I went to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Swett to pass the night. I found there Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., and other deaf-mute friends. We had, of course, quite an animated interchange of views and feelings. I never cease from wondering at the rapidity and clearness with which ideas are conveyed from one to another in the sign-language. For myself I can truly say that I enjoy this method of communication as much as spoken language.

Yesterday being Ascension-day, we had a delightful service in St. Michael's Church, at 10 a. m. Quite a number of my deaf-mute friends were present for whom I interpreted the service as read by the Rector. I made an address to each portion of the congregation. We enjoyed the celebration of the Holy Communion. I trust that the time will soon come when Ascension-day will be as generally observed as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter and Whitsun-day.

The Trustees appointed, last February, by the New England Gallaudet Association, held a meeting at 3 p. m., at the house of Mr. Swett. We organized permanently. I had the honor of being elected Chairman, and Mr. William H. Wormstead, of Marblehead, Secretary and Treasurer. Rev. W. W. Turner and Prof. Bell having declined to act as Trustees, the vacancies were filled by the election of Mr. Atwood, of Newburyport, and the Rev. J. H. Ward, of Marblehead. The other Trustees were all present, excepting Dr. Albert Smith of Petersburg, N. H., the executor of Miss Morrison's will. He sent a letter apologizing for his absence on account of ill-health. The circular of the Trustees will soon be published. I hope you will print it in the *JOURNAL*. We desire to have an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, and while accumulating a fund for that purpose, will do all in our power to procure situations for deaf-mutes out of employment. Mr. Wm. B. Swett, was elected the General Agent of the Trustees. All employers willing to try deaf-mutes, and all deaf-mutes desiring situations are requested to correspond with him. The great object which the Trustees desire to accomplish, is the making it possible for all deaf-mutes of New England to have work by which they can earn their daily bread according to divine appointment. We shall succeed in due time.

Last evening we had another service at the church. It was read and interpreted. The pleasant associations of Ascension-day, 1876, will never be effaced from my mind.

This morning Mr. Sweet handed me the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, which I read with great interest. I do hope its circulation is steadily increasing.

Your correspondent, "Agrappa," has been led into some very singular mistakes in relation to the pavers, used at the confirmation in St. Ann's Church, on Sunday afternoon, the 7th inst. Turning to the "Office of Confirmation" in the book of Common Prayer, we find the following to be the words used by the bishop:

"Almighty and everliving God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate thy servants by Water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins; Strengthen them, we beseech thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and daily increase in them thy manifold gifts of grace; the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear, now and for ever. Amen."

Then as the candidates kneel around the chancel railing, the Bishop places his hands on each one saying, "Defend, O Lord, this thy child (or this thy servant) with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until he come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen." She being used, of course, instead of *he*, for a female.

Then come the verses and the Lord's Prayer, after which we find the following:

"Almighty and everliving God, who makest us both to will and to do those things which are good, and acceptable unto thy Divine Majesty; We make our humble supplications unto thee for these thy servants, upon whom, after the example of thy holy Apostles, we have

now laid our hands, to certify them, by this sign, of thy favor and gracious goodness towards them. Let thy fatherly hand, we beseech thee, ever be over them; let thy Holy Spirit ever be with them; and so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of thy Word, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life; through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen."

"O almighty Lord, and everlasting God, vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern, both our hearts and bodies, in the ways of thy laws, and in the works of thy commandments; that, through thy most mighty protection, both here and ever, we may be preserved in body and soul; through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

After these the Bishop gives the benediction and makes an address.

There were fifty-two confirmed at St. Ann's, of whom twenty-three were deaf-mutes. On Wednesday evening, March 29th, in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, 18 deaf-mutes were confirmed in a class of more than forty. Thus, "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" is encouraged to go on with its work. I expect to have a service in St. Peter's Church, Salem, this evening.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

The Central New York Institution.

I send you the following from our local paper, which will explain quite as accurately what I was going to write:

"Sunday morning last L. D. Parker, who resided on Court street just west of Madison, died suddenly at Ripley, Chautauque county. The circumstances surrounding his death are such as to give the blow to his stricken family an added severity. Mr. Parker's second son Willie, a bright and very amiable boy, aged 13, is a deaf-mute. Mr. Parker devoted much time and money to the endeavor to secure to his son the blessing of hearing. Falling in these efforts, on his last visit with the boy to physicians in New York city, he began preparations to remove with his family to that city, for the purpose of giving his child the advantages of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the protection of home. Mr. Parker was not in the enjoyment of robust health, and frequently said that if he could live to see his mute child acquire a good education he could die content. While the family was preparing to move to New York, Mr. Parker accidentally saw a copy of some newspaper containing some particulars with regard to the Institution for deaf-mutes in this city, and it was decided by the family to come to Rome rather than to move to the more distant and more expensive city of New York. The family reached this city so as to have Willie begin school at the Central New York Institution in September last, and he has made satisfactory progress there. The farm in Ripley was let, and the farming implements and stock were sold at an auction in December. After some inquiry, Mr. Parker decided, if possible, to purchase Mr. Caswell's interest in the business of Caswell & Marriott, successors to Jerome Dillenbeck, in the boot and shoe trade. Negotiations were interrupted by misunderstandings with the man who had hired Mr. Parker's farm, and who appears to have attempted to make terms very much in his own favor, on the strength of Mr. Parker's well known desire to remain in Rome. Mr. Parker went to Ripley to straighten matters, some time since. He wrote to his wife on Saturday morning last, the letter reached here on the same afternoon, to the effect that the man who had first taken the farm had left it, but that he hoped to find a tenant for it during the day. If he failed to rent or sell, he proposed to move his family back to Ripley, and he told Mrs. Parker that if she did not get a dispatch from him that he had disposed of the farm, she had better on Monday (yesterday) begin preparations to move. Mr. Parker wrote that he had been feeling unwell, but was much better. Sunday Mr. Marriott got a letter, written Saturday afternoon, to the effect that the farm was not yet disposed of, but asking him to wait a few days longer for the result. A few hours later Mrs. Parker received a dispatch from a former neighbor, named Johnson, conveying the terrible news that her husband died suddenly Sunday morning. No particulars were given. Mrs. Parker was unable to go after her husband's remains, owing to the illness of the boy Willie. She expected the remains would reach this city last evening or to-day, in charge of friends from Ripley. Mr. Parker leaves one son aged sixteen, and a daughter aged four, besides Willie. Mrs. Parker will carry out her husband's plans regarding the education of the last mentioned child, and we hope she may find many friends in our city."

Willie Parker, at present quite ill, is one of Prof. Seliney's pupils. He is a fine scholar, attentive always, and eager to learn, and is very anxious to get rid of his temporary illness and return to the school-room. He feels the loss of his good father very keenly.

Our seventy-first pupil came to-day in the person of a little girl from Utica.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., May 23, 1876.

—Mrs. T. J. Temple has, we understand, opened a branch millinery shop in Canfield, which will be put under the supervision of Miss Emma Aird. We are sorry to lose her, but congratulate the people of Canfield, upon the acquisition of a competent and obliging milliner.

—The Honors of the graduating class of Mexico Academy were given out last Monday morning. The standing of the class was, as usual, the criterion, and to Miss Jennie M. Druee was assigned the Valedictory and to C. H. Bidlecome the Salutatory. The appointments give general satisfaction.

Glass Wedding.

A few weeks ago invitations were sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, of Lanesburg, N. Y., requesting the presence of the recipients at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of their wedding life to take place in the evening of May 23d, last. In carrying out their plans they were greatly assisted by Mrs. Julia A. Atkins, sister of Mr. Hoffman, and widow of Mr. John H. Atkins, who kindly aided them in making the preparations for the occasion. If I am not mistaken this anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman's deaf-mute-glass wedding was the first ever celebrated in this country, and the anticipated event caused a great ado and flutter of excitement among those who had been invited to the feast. Tuesday evening, May 23d, came, and with it by cars and carriages the guests arrived to the number of nearly twenty. Invitations had been sent out to all the deaf-mutes of Albany, Troy and their vicinities. From various causes, however, some were prevented from attending, and about fifteen of the invited ones sent in their compliments and expressions of regret at being prevented from being personally present at the extraordinary and happy event. A few minutes before nine o'clock the guests assembled in the parlor, where they were cordially greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, who looked quite young in spite of their ages—the former sixty-seven and the latter fifty-six. On the parlor table the company deposited the presents which they had brought, embracing both the useful and the ornamental of various articles of glass ware. Besides these there were presents of eighteen yards of fine dress goods (either silk or alpaca) and twenty yards of elegant broadcloth contributed by Mrs. Eliza Monroe, and Mrs. Jane E. Williams, of Albany, and also a small donation by Messrs. J. T. Southwick and M. Mahoney, of Albany, as a token of their esteem for Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman. Late in the evening the party by couples gathered at the tables which were bountifully loaded, and their contents generously and tastefully served. After being seated at the tables, and before partaking of their supper the guests were treated to a short, appropriate speech by Mr. Wm. T. Collins, which was followed by the invocation of grace by Mr. Joseph Getting. The floral display at the tables was magnificent and the perfumes dispensed from the bouquets were delightful and refreshing. After partaking to satisfaction of the banquet, and discussing and commenting upon its excellences, the party passed the remainder of the night till day-dawn in the usual games of amusement, when they left for their respective homes, with many happy remembrances of the glass wedding in which they had participated.

The writer of this article does not wish to enter into the details (like your correspondent, "Civis") in relation to the ladies' toilets on this occasion, but will simply state that the ladies present were dressed tastefully and beautifully.

May God bless the happy couple, and grant them many more years of earthly enjoyments and usefulness.

Among the invited who attended the party were the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Jane E. Williams, Mrs. Eliza Monroe, Miss Mary Toole, of Albany; Mrs. Julia A. Atkins, of Lanesburg; Miss Sarah Schutt and her sister, Messrs. H. B. Brown, James M. Ritter, and W. T. Collins, of Troy; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Getting, of Watertown, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Levinus W. VanZandt, of Grafton, N. Y.

ONE OF THE GUESTS.

Borrowing Newspapers.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has largely increased its circulation during the past year, in spite of the depressed state of financial affairs, and I have every reason to believe it will increase still more in the years to come; in fact, must increase from the very necessities of the case. The growth of our race, as I believe. The JOURNAL has been much improved, so that it now presents every feature of a first class weekly newspaper for the deaf and dumb. Its circulation, as a reward for its enterprise, has been increased to such an extent that the proprietor must have the most abundant reason to be encouraged. What I say, is true in a special sense of the position which the JOURNAL occupies as a newspaper. I can honestly say that in this I have not made a miscalculation. But its circulation and business have largely increased, and I am confident that when good times are fully restored, it will meet with an ample reward for the enterprise displayed by its proprietor.

It would be well for its readers to inform their mute friends who do not wish to pay \$1.50 a year for the JOURNAL, but want them (the subscribers) to lend them their copy of it, that it is an *unfair* practice. There are many deaf-mutes in this city who do not want to pay for the JOURNAL, but who wish to beg it from the regular subscribers. It is certain that most of those who practice this contemptible habit of borrowing the JOURNAL, can afford to subscribe, but the general way to get the paper free, is to treat subscribers with what is best known as the "cut." I say, from the bottom of my heart, that the regular subscribers ought to put a stop to this practice, and if they are wise enough they know how to govern themselves; but if they have no courage to provoke their friends they can guard their temper, learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice, always avoid sharp or angry words, and beware of the first disagreement, and by doing so they can give the hint. Tell your friends to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and inform them that lending a valuable paper is wrong.

Besides advising the subscribers what to do, let me call upon those who have not subscribed for the JOURNAL, to subscribe at once and make themselves happy and comfortable. There are, of course,

more than two dozen deaf-mutes in the city who can afford to pay \$1.50 a year, but for one reason or another, they don't like to, and therefore borrow it from the regular subscribers.

Lending is "played out," and now, gentlemen, and ladies as well, if you can afford it, put \$1.50 in an envelope immediately, direct it to the JOURNAL and you will soon have the happiness to hear of your long-sought-for friends.

Borrowing is a bad practice, and every body takes the hint but you!

LYTTON BULWER.
Brooklyn, May, 1876.

Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of the late Wm. L. M. Breg.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the Principal, teachers and other officers of the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Allwise Father in disposition of His Divine Providence to remove from our midst our valued fellow-laborer and whole-souled friend WILLIAM L. M. BREG, and

WHEREAS, This State Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb owes in a great measure its early success to his energy, industry and indomitable perseverance, qualifications which admirably fitted him for the profession which he so well filled for more than twenty years; therefore

Resolved, That we deeply lament our own inevitable loss, and most earnestly tender our sympathies to the sorrow-stricken widow and fatherless children in their deep affliction. May they find much consolation in the contemplation of his purity of life, rigid integrity and manliness of character.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and a copy be sent to the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, *Advance*, *JOURNAL*, *Silent World*, and the *Chronicle*.

Shall Chicago Have an Institution for Deaf-mutes?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INTER-OCEAN: I have received the following communication from an intelligent worker in an institute for the deaf and dumb. I desire to call the attention of our philanthropic citizens to the subject, as the only way in which I can now aid in reference to the subject referred to in the letter.

J. Y. S.

April 26, 1876.

April 24, 1876.

J. YOUNG SCAMMON, Esq., Chicago, Illinois:

DEAR SIR: I do not wish to presume upon your reputation as a philanthropist, but having the feeling that draws such persons nearer I address you upon the subject of having a deaf-mute school started in Chicago, or to include Cook County, which contains already enough mutes to form a large institute of that nature. Most other large cities have already made this provision for this unfortunate class of persons.

Five such schools are established in different cities of New York, while Cincinnati, Baltimore, and other cities have made this charitable accommodation.

In Chicago a small day school is commenced in the Jones ward, under Professor P. A. Emery, but it is far from meeting the necessities of this class of persons, who are helped so much by education or left so low in ignorance by non-culture.

It is decided by experience that institute schools for mutes should not exceed 200 pupils, while now the institute at Jacksonville numbers over 350. Discipline and the sanitary condition cannot be as well kept up.

Now in Chicago there are over 200 of this class of people, some of whom cannot get the light and real blessing of an education. If there could be a move by some prominent persons in Chicago in this matter the charitable necessity would be more obviously appear. There is a great need of accommodations, and real there ought to be a separate institution established in Cook County for the benefit of the mutes. I have taught and labored with this class of people for a long time, and my interest in their behalf is what has prompted this letter. Hoping it may meet your approbation, I am, sir, respectfully yours, etc."

—Tuesday, June 6, the annual convention of the New York State Sunday-school Teachers' Association, will be opened in the First Presbyterian church, Utica, at 8:30 p. m., and continue Wednesday and Thursday.

—On Wednesday last, the Rattlers and the Centennials, both of this village, played a game of base ball, which ended in the defeat of the Centennials by a score of 44 to 7. Captain of the Rattlers, F. Lambie; Centennials, F. Foote.

—George H. Goodwin returned from his trip to California last Tuesday. He enjoyed himself very much and looks better for it. We publish on the first page one of his interesting letters, and shall publish another, which arrived too late for this week's issue, next week.

—It would be more in accordance with the teachings of the "Golden Rule," if those who make Decoration day a day for hunting up and clanging with every one they know, would choose some place far away from the speaker so as not to annoy him and those who want to hear him.

—Amos C. Thomas has torn down his barn, and is about to erect a more commodious and convenient one, 26x100 feet. H. J. Allen and S. R. Orvis are doing the work.

—A fine Centennial flag was hoisted in front of Conklin's Bank, on Decoration Day. It is owned by L. H. Conklin and A. C. Thomas. May there be many such in our village this Centennial year.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

Splendid Weather and Splendid Sight—*The Attendance Increasing—More about Uncle Sam's General Display—Postal Facilities on the Grounds—Some Interesting Subjects for Future Letters—A few other things briefly mentioned.*

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1876.

The attendance at the Exposition increases somewhat and has been generally better than last week. For some days past the weather has been most delightful, and aside from the slight drawback of a few unfinished buildings, etc., this is really the pleasantest time to visit the Exhibition. The trees, flowers, grounds and all surroundings look as fresh and beautiful as a May Queen, and Fairmount Park is just now the most attractive place to be found anywhere. There is no dust and oppressive heat to be encountered, and travel both on the road and about the city is not accompanied with many discomforts which will be inseparable from it in midsummer. Yet most likely the great rush of visitors will come then, for Americans as a rule, select the season of the year for pleasure trips, when travel is a burden rather than a pleasure—when it is too hot to stay at home. There are still people who do not realize the discomforts of two in a bed, in a seven by nine room, in the middle of July, and that is why the crowd is expected to be the largest on and after the glorious Fourth.

Last week I gave a pretty full outline of the government agricultural display, but only "foiled round the edges" of the United States building proper, which I think will, after all, attract as much attention from the average visitor as any part of the exhibition. Uncle Sam's "Centennial Branch Post-Office," which occupies a space forty by sixty feet in the south-west wing of the building, is as complete and well-ordered as any city in the country possesses. It is inclosed by a walnut partition with glass front, and has five hundred convenient lock boxes. There are ten carriers employed, and 50 boxes for depositing mail stationed at various points on the grounds. The clerks speak all languages and the deposit boxes are lettered in English, French, German, Spanish Italian, and Japanese. Hourly trips are made to the main city post office by the Centennial mail wagons, which are handsome vehicles with drivers in uniform. One of the carriers is a John Chinaman, who queans hangs down his back as natural as the curl of a pig's tail.

The space occupied by the Post Office Department proper, is 40 x 40 feet, and displays many interesting exhibits. The Little Envelope Machine and nickel plated Baxter Engine, mentioned before, which is now turning out 22,000 envelopes per day, with the new Centennial Stamp, attracts a constant crowd around the bronze railing by which it is enclosed. A model mail-catcher upon a car inside the building, built on a scale of one inch to the foot, and near the envelopemachin, calls forth the admiration of the younger visitors. This car runs on a track twenty feet in length, and catches a miniature mail-bag as it passes along at full speed, illustrating the practice of the fast mail trains. There are cases containing specimens of all mail-bags, pouches, etc., used by the department. Specimens of all the locks and scales used, and samples of making and cancelling stamps, together with six highly ornamental frames containing specimens of all stamped envelopes, official envelopes, postal-cards, and postage stamps ever used in this country. These are furnished by the Columbian Bank Note Company, the present contractors, and are a valuable directory to the stamp-gatherers.

The Interior Department makes a good display. The Patent Office shows 5,000 models arranged in classes, 60,000 patents bound in series; a central office of administration in which the workings of America's favorite bureau is illustrated. Strangely enough, one finds the Patent Office section of the Interior Department in the possession of the original Declaration of Independence, and the Commission of General Washington from the Continental Congress; also, the relics of Washington, his clothes, camp equipage, punch-bowl and furniture. The National Museum once sought a fireproof place of deposit in Washington, and solid branches of the Government. The Patent Office—about one-sixth of the present building—was selected as a safe place. This was about 1840, and now the Bureau and Department are rewarded by the proud opportunity to display what they have so long and so carefully kept and so jealously guarded.

Next comes the Treasury Department with a profuse display of money, not gold and silver altogether, but printed money. The array of specimens of Treasury notes of every description and denomination ever issued, is a study for the admirer of beauty and fine art. In no land under the sun is so much skill shown in the manufacture of paper money. The paper for the continental money was made only a few miles hence, at the "Lyon Mills," and the mill is running yet and in the hands of a descendant of its old proprietor, but when the writer visited it some time ago, it was making a nasty kind of thick wrapping paper of straw and old ropes. Franklin used to get his paper there. Even if the old mill has been burned down once or twice, it is, more certainly than the boy's old jack-knife which had had five new blades and four new handles—the same mill, and it ought to drop the straw and junk and make some more hand-made, water-mark, linen-stock paper with some of old Benjamin's shrewd advice printed on it in old-fashioned type.

And here is the Navy Department which shines—as it has a right to do—in bunting. One reads the history of the American flag suspended from the columns in the various forms of the colonial and convention periods; the pine tree, the English "Union," with a red and

white "fly," a white anchor on a blue field, white stars on a blue field, and eventually the flag of to-day, showing largest of all, as if it had grown in size as well as developed in design. The navy shows a variety of guns for special services, such as boat howitzers and gun-wale guns; also has piles of naval stores, with smelling ropes, and things to eat and to wear; the provisions to go to the great cook's galleys and the furnishing of the men's kits; the instruments of the Transit of Venus expedition, as the War Department has those of the Signal Service. This Department has also some boats of the Polar expedition, one scow made in an emergency from an abandoned vessel. Around lie many piles of shot and shell and of material suggestive of long service, when "they that godown to the sea in ships" have to depend upon the forethought of the providers, who must be ready to supply everything from a mainyard to a sewing needle at a moment's notice. We pass with great interest the more scientific portion of the collection, the compasses, barometers, sounding instruments, ships' logs, and velocimeters. One begins with the arts of peace, and wanders through the building to the south-east end. He steps out at the door with the big guns on each side, which are pointed in mimic hostility at the other buildings, and stands upon the terrace to listen to the music of the band which plays in the pavilion near by.

One letter covers so small a portion of the whole exhibition that I am obliged to stop after having just begun. Probably Machinery Hall and the State buildings will be the next most interesting feature to your readers, and following that we will journey through the main building. This last is the place to study human nature. I cannot think of any place where one would find such a variety of specimens of the genus homo, in, as the naturalists say, "all stages of preservation." Coming down from the government building yesterday, I passed through the carriage manufacturers' structure and have never before so fully realized the force of that familiar simile "pretty as a red wagon," as I do after a glance at the fine display of vehicles. It was stated last week that showers of "the queer" were working off counterfeit fifty cent pieces through the outside speculators in change, but I cannot learn that much was done at it, and of course it has been wholly stopped now.

It is further settled that there will be no further reduction in railway fares, and so the committee appointed by the Centennial Commission to confer with the railway authorities have reported. The Pennsylvania Central people assert that they would do business at an actual loss if they acceded to this demand, as the extra Centennial travel at the low rates would not equal the falling off of regular business.

News of the Week.

The President issues a proclamation, calling upon every town to have a history of its origin and growth written, and a copy deposited with the librarian of Congress.

Piper, the murderer of Mabel Young, was hung at Boston, Friday; Samuel J. Frost, murderer of Franklin Towne, was hung at Worcester, O. Fuchs, the murderer of Simmons at Brooklyn has had the death sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

Abdul Aziz, the Sultan of Turkey, was deposed Monday night, and Murad Efendi declared his successor.

Emerick W. Hansell, the attendant of Secretary Seward at the Lincoln assassination, has been voted a pension by the House.

The Presbyterian churches North and South have adopted resolutions looking towards fraternal union.

District Attorney Dyer has recovered nearly a million dollars from the St. Louis whisky ring.

The Senate has resolved to try Mr. Belknap by a majority of eight.

The banner procured by ladies of this State, for the woman's pavilion at the Centennial, was presented at Albany, on Tuesday, by ex-Governor Seymour in behalf of the ladies, and to ex-Governor Hoffman in behalf of the woman's pavilion.

—The New York Press Association holds its annual meeting in Oswego, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

—Rev. P. R. Kendall will preach at the Universist church Sunday, June 4th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Also at Texas in the evening.

—The many friends of George Tubbs will be glad to learn that he is in business in Cortland, N. Y., and is very pleasantly situated.

—Mrs. T. B. Ely and Mrs. H. H. Dobson furnished the flowers for the Presbyterian church last Sunday. They were very beautiful and nicely arranged.

—The Star Base Ball Club, of Fulton, play the A. C. T's, of this village, for the championship, next Wednesday, June 7th, in this village, on the A. C. T's ground.

—The directors of the Thousand Island Camp meeting Association announce that a Sabbath School Convention will be held on their grounds on Wells island about the 15th of June next.

—Mr. Edwin Baker, of this village, a few days since started for Foreston, Ill., where he expects to engage in his profession. He is a young man of good abilities, and we wish him much success.

—W. H. Ballou left our village last Tuesday night for Detroit, expecting to engage in the Lake Survey.

—A Pineapple and Ice Cream Festival at the house of P. Davis, Friday evening, June 2d. All are invited.

—A Centennial Educational Convention will be held in the West Baptist church, Oswego, June 6th and 7th.

The Westminster Park Association of the Thousand Islands.

An informal meeting of the directors and stockholders of this association was held at Alexandria Bay, May 16th. There were present Reverend Thurber of the Park church and Bead of the Plymouth Congregational church of Syracuse, Waugh of Carthage, Conklin of Gouverneur, and others. Among representative laymen were noticed J. Bennett Tyler of Philadelphia, Pa., superintendent of the Sunday school department of the Presbyterian church, W. S. Taylor of Utica, Messrs. Anthony, Aldrich, Vanduzee and others of Gouverneur, Dr. Huntington, H. H. Kellogg, Hinds and others of Watertown, Collis and others of Theresa. The party visited the grounds of the association, and were evidently very greatly pleased with the beauty of the scenery and the admirable adaptation of the locality for the purposes of the organization. A very pleasant and inviting feature in the policy of the directors, is a fixed determination to keep out of debt. While this may delay apparent progress somewhat, it will, we judge, insure a sound and substantial success. Capitalists like the Hon. A. Cornwell, residing at the Bay, and who know most about the affair, show their appreciation by subscribing largely to the stock. Alexandria Bay is understood to take \$5,000. Another suggestive feature is the fact that the pleasure travel to this charming resort has increased more than 300 per cent. during the past three years.

Business Maxims.

1. After the feast the giver shakes his head.
 2. The sleeping fox catches no poultry.
 3. Creditors have excellent memories.
 4. Caution is the father of security.
 5. He who pays beforehand is served behindhand.
 6. If you would know the value of a dollar to borrow one.
 7. Great bargains have ruined many.
 8. Be silent when a fool talks.
 9. Give a foolish talker rope enough and he will hang himself.
 10. Never speak boastfully of your business.
 11. It is hard for a hungry man to wait when he smells the roast meat.
 12. An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.
 13. Word by Word Webster's big Dictionary was made.
 14. Speak well of your friends—of your enemies say nothing.
 15. Never take back a discharged servant.
 16. If you post your servants upon your affairs, they will one day rend you.
 17. No man can be successful who neglects his business.
 18. Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.
 19. Systematize your business, and keep your eye on little expenses. Small leaks sink great ships.
 20. Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.
 21. Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.
 22. Law is a trade in which the lawyers eat the oysters and leave the clients the shells.
- Rothschild, the founder of the world-renowned house of Rothschild & Co., ascribed his success to the following:
- Never have anything to do with an unlucky man.
- Be cautious and bold.
- Make a bargain at once.

THE NURSERY—for June is brimful of interest. Its little stories are charming, and its pictures excellent. The "Nursery" is an admirable magazine for the little ones, especially for those who are learning to read, and we are glad to know that it has a very large circulation. Its price is \$1.60 a year. Published by John L. Shovey, 36 Bromfield st., Boston, Mass.

A clergyman of a country village church desired to give notice that there would be no services in the afternoon as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the sermon was finished, rose up with all solemnity, and cried out, "I am requested to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going fishing with another clergyman."

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches on Sunday the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded to him in that way.

About a dozen churches in Georgia within the last month have been robbed of the pulpit Bibles.

It is expected that Mrs. A. M. Parker's concert will take place about the 7th of June.

Just received at R. E. Sill's, Hastings, 10 chests of choice New Teas, which I offer at the Gold and Silver basis of former times:

Good to Fancy Japan, at 35, 40, 50, 60 and 70c.
Prime to Choice Young Hysons, at 32, 40 and 50c.
Best Imperial, at 50c.
This line of Teas is direct from one of the largest importers in the United States, and you can rely on their extra strength and fine flavor among good drawing qualities.

Semi-Centennial Celebration of Mexico Academy.

A public meeting will be held at the Academy chapel on Monday evening, the 29th inst., at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of considering the best way in which to celebrate the semi-centennial of our Academy. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of citizens, and that the matter will be promptly and energetically taken hold of.

To the Public.

The undersigned would inform the citizens of Mexico and vicinity that he has bought Peter Didier's watch and clock repairing business, and trusts, by a strict attention to business, to merit the patronage so long given to Mr. Didier.

WILLIAM D. FORT.
Mexico, May 24, 1876. 30-3

Notice.

Persons owing me for furniture must pay up; and those owing me for groceries I hope will pay as soon as convenient.

HOMER BALLARD.
Mexico, May 24, 1876. 30-3

You Have No Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go from day to day complaining with sour stomach, sick headache, habitual costiveness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c? No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. For 75 cents your cure is certain, but if you doubt this, get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

ACTING THROUGH THE PORES upon the sources of inflammation GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP promptly relieves the burning, itching and other annoyances caused by Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Impetigo, Erysipelas and other skin diseases and ultimately removes every vestige of them.

Stone, Robinson & Co. have a Bargain Counter, on which will be found many things at a great bargain. They must be sold regardless of cost.

Mrs. L. M. Hayes,

Dealer in all kinds of Millinery and Fancy Goods. Always a good assortment on hand adapted to the season. Work promptly executed with a view to please. Children's clothing made to order. Charges reasonable. Rooms formerly occupied by the Messrs Morehouse, corner of Main and Washington Sts. Mexico, Nov. 9, 1875.

Gold Dust, Gold Dust, by the bbl., cheap, at
29-2 COBB BROS.

Teachers' Association.

The teachers of the 2d Com'r District will hold an Association at Parish, June 16 and 17, 1876.

Friday evening, lecture by Rev. W. H. Hall, of Syracuse University.
Saturday, 9 A. M.—Organization of Schools and School Programme (paper), by F. A. Walker, of Central Square; 9:45, Reading, by A. L. Hall, of Constantia; 10:30, History (Centennial), by Miss Ada Strickland, of Hastings; 11:15, Recess; 11:15, Spelling (paper), by Melvin Alsever, of Parish; 12, Intermission; 1:30, Grammar (verb), by Miss Nellie Martin, of Parish; 2:15, Arithmetic, by Miss Clara Morse, of Central Square, who will bring a class of little ones and give us practical results of every day work; 3:10, Recess; 3:15, Essay, by Miss Rosa H. Strickland, of Hastings; 3:30, Address, by Commissioner Berry, and miscellaneous work.

A pleasant and profitable time is expected. Teachers and friends from other districts will be present. Come one, come all, that we may show an interest in education that will not be clouded by the intellectual progress of the next hundred years.

F. H. BERRY, Pres.
W. R. ALSEVER, Sec'y.

The Fulton board of excise charges \$100 for store, and \$20 for beer licenses. Oswego has voted \$5,200 to defray the expenses of a Fourth of July celebration.

A large party of students from the Oswego Normal School will visit the centennial late in June.

Wesley J. Smith has sold his house and lot on Main street, to Jesse A. Slawson, of Parish, for \$1,800.

The first meeting of the committee of the Oswego County Veterans' Re-Union for this year will be held at the Hamilton House, May 29th, at 2 P. M.

O. M. Bond, of Oswego, and G. J. Lockwood, of Hannibal, represent Oswego county in the national prohibition convention.

The new Congregational church at Sand Bank is completed, and will be dedicated by Rev. Mr. Holbrook, of Syracuse, June 2.

Rev. E. D. Cross, late pastor of the Baptist church in South Richland, has accepted a call from the Baptist church of South Hannibal.

We shall have a correspondent at the Centennial during the entire Exhibition, who will give a full account of all matters of interest, weekly.

New Goods! New Goods!!

J. R. NORTON
Is now receiving the best assortment of DRY GOODS

ever kept in this market, consisting, as usual, of a big assortment of SHAWLS, Prints, Sheetings, &c.

Elegant Parasols and Showerbats, At NORTON'S.

Splendid Assortment of Colors in those 2-Button Kids for \$1.00, At NORTON'S.

A better Black Alpaca and Brilliantine than ever before, for 50c., At NORTON'S.

Don't fail to see Norton's Dress Linens, Table Linens, Towels and Napkins.

5,000 yards Elegant Style Prints for 64c., At NORTON'S.

New and fresh Prints received every week, At NORTON'S.

A Premium Worth Having.

The publishers of "Church's Musical Visitor" offer musical people a rare inducement to become subscribers to that excellent journal. Believing that no premium could be more acceptable than good music, the publishers have just issued, for this special purpose, three really valuable volumes of beautiful music, each book suited to a different capacity and style, as indicated by the titles.

The "Song Premium," is a collection of popular songs by many first-class composers.

The "Piano Premium," is for those who prefer instrumental music. This book contains thirteen pieces of music, by Strauss, Kinkel and others.

The "Clasic Premium," is for advanced players, being a fine selection of music by such composers as Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, &c. Either of these volumes is certainly alone worth several times the price asked for the Visitor, to say nothing of the regular monthly visits of the music magazine itself.

Choice of the above books, elegantly bound in cloth, will be sent to every subscriber to the Visitor. Subscription price to the Visitor is \$1.50 a year. The publishers will send specimen copy, with list of contents of Premium Volume, on receipt of one stamp. Address John Church & Co., Cincinnati, O.

BARGAINS IN CARPETS.

MILTON S. PRICE

Has just received an Entire New Stock of FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARPETS, In all the New and desirable Patterns for the Spring Trade of 1876, which is considered by the hundreds who daily visit my CARPET DEPARTMENT to be the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of Patterns ever displayed in Syracuse, which I am selling at Lower Prices than any other Dealer in the State.

An examination of these Bargains is solicited.

MILTON S. PRICE,
33 and 40 S. Salina St., Syracuse.

The Place to Buy Furniture.

Of course the citizens of Mexico and surrounding towns will remember that a short time since H. M. Bard bought A. S. Gibson's stock of furniture. He has not made a great noise about his business, but it may not be amiss to state that he is doing a good trade, very good for these dull times. This is attributable, in a great measure, doubtless, to the fact that he keeps on hand a fine assortment of goods, and that his prices are quite reasonable. He is also very accommodating, and strives to please his customers. Those of our readers who need anything in his line of business, will find it to their interest to give him a call before purchasing in Syracuse or elsewhere. It will please him to have you call even if you are not prepared to make purchases at present.

Books or magazines bound or rebound, at Virgil's. 27-4

All Manner of Fishing Tackle at Cobb Bros.

Having bought up the entire interest in Tackle Business of Mexico, we can suit every customer in any grade of tackle. See the sign of the Golden Fish, 26-2 at Cobb Bros.

James K. Nichols, by calling at the office of Skinner & Wright, of this village, will hear of something to his advantage. 29-3

Virgil is continually adding new patterns of Moulding to his now complete stock. 27-4.

Corsets.

Ladies, we wish to call your attention to a new and beautiful Patent Seamless Double Steel Corset. The patent consists in the stitching of a pocket over each clasp and the insertion therein of an extra steel. When applied in such manner it adds the strength of two and possesses the elasticity of one, effectually preventing the breaking of the under steel. They are nice-fitting, and the steels are warranted not to break.

STONE, ROBINSON & Co.

Remember! Remember!!

Nothing left but a fine Plated Single Harness, and a good Single work Harness; and fancy lined Robs. 33 1/2 % saved to the man who wants a good thing cheap. At Cobb Bros.

PRIVATE SCHOOL

FOR Deaf-Mute Children!

The Rev. T. B. BERRY,

Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y.

Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., Prof. J. L. Post, LL. D., New York, and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2m

\$10 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Duff and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 10-1y

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70,000 Sold in Three Years.

The cheapest and best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design.

Both single and double hand, 25 for 25 cents, 50 for 50 cents, 100 for \$1.00.

In lots of not less than 100 single-hand cards, with your name on the back, Price per 100, \$1.00.

Also,

The only Complete

CENTENNIAL GUIDE,

WITH MAPS OF THE

Exhibition Grounds,

The Principal Buildings, and their National Divisions; and also

OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

showing street car lines and places of interest and giving a great variety of information, useful to strangers, especially

DEAF-MUTES.

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Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-1y

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A LARGO Chart illustrating RELIGION and SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (Society). A self-entitled delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time.

Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truths thereon delineated, and enlarging upon the Twelve Axioms of History.

To which is appended a brief Biography and the Phenological Character of the Author. Chart and Manual printed on the best of material. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual nicely bound, \$1.00.

Chart and Manual, plain, \$0.50.

Address Mrs. Prof. P. A. Berry, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated.

His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Phila.) says: "These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a self-educated man, and he a man, whose life was devoted to the world and cut off from its numerous advantages; shut up, so to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the 'silent world' and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

\$5 T O \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. Syracuse & Co., Portland, Maine. 10-1y

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Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

A Serious Matter!

And one that needs well looking after, is that of getting the value of your money. Whether you pay ten dollars or forty for a suit of clothes, you want to know that it is worth that amount. Go to

STONE, ROBINSON & Co's, and you will get the full value of your money. Their Stock is well selected, and kept full by frequent additions. If you wish to get a good business suit, or a nice dress suit, you will find there a large Stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Coatings, &c., from which to select; and they are making, for cash, a reduction of from two to ten Dollars on a suit from last year's prices. Or should you wish something in Ready-made Clothing, you will find there a large stock and prices as astonishingly low.

Just see! Boys' Cassimere Suits, \$6 to \$12; Men's Cassimere Suits, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15 and \$18; and other goods in proportion. 27-6

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

---For 1876---

THE GREAT

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The Acknowledged Leader

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The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us, to make

{ The Journal } { A Marvel of Deaf- }
for 1876, { Mute Journalism. }

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

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One copy one year, postage paid, \$1 50
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FOR THE DEAF and DUMB.

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 308. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 96. Price 30 cents.

Course of Instruction. Part III, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Fully Illustrated. Pp 252. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year.

This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 125. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 232. Price \$1.25, (including postage).

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may with the aid satisfactorily carry forward their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, if it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED: Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$7 00, red \$7 50, white \$8 25 Meal, \$7 cwt, (retail) 0 00 @ 1 30 Shorts, \$7 ton, 18 00 Middlings, \$7 ton, 22 00 Corn, 70 Cato, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 20 @ 25
Loose Butter, 18 @ 22
Cheese, 9 @ 13
Lard, 15
Eggs, \$7 doz., 14
Beef \$7 cwt., \$6 @ 88
Mutton, \$7 cwt., \$8 00
Pork, \$7 barrel, retail, \$23
Pork \$7 cwt., \$8 @ 10
Apples, (dried), \$7 lb., 06
Ham, \$7 lb., 14
Dressed Poultry, \$7 lb., 10 @ 12
Potatoes, \$7 bush., 20
Beef Hides, per lb., 4 @ 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.80; Spring, \$1.70. Kerosene oil, 15 cts per gallon. One Dollar Tea, 80 " per lb. Salt, \$1.75. 50lb Butter Tube, 30 cents. New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts. \$7 gal. Monitor Clothes Wringer, \$5.00. Camphor Gum, 4 cts. per oz.

The poor can have cheaper. W. O. JOHNSON, Washington St., Mexico.

Syracuse Northern Railroad.

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Syracuse 4 00 A. M. 12 35 P. M.
Central Square, 4 57 1 28 5 53
Mallory, 5 07 1 40 6 04
Hastings, 5 15 1 49 6 13
Parish, 5 22 1 58 6 20
Union Square, 5 34 2 11 6 33
Holmesville, 5 42 2 19 6 40
Paluski, 5 45 2 25 6 45
Sandy Creek Ju. 6 13 2 55 7 15

GOING SOUTH—TRAINS LEAVE:
Sandy Creek Ju. 9 10 11 45 7 25
Paluski, 9 27 12 00 7 45
Holmesville, 9 42 12 21 8 00
Union Square, 9 50 12 29 8 08
Parish, 10 03 12 44 8 20
Hastings, 10 10 12 52 8 27
Mallory, 10 19 1 00 8 35
Central Square, 10 30 1 12 8 45
Syracuse, 11 30 2 05 9 45

The clock in the Superintendent's office at Syracuse is the Standard Time,